

**Making Money.**

"Why don't you make money?" my friends say to me.  
And I tell them I do not know how. Then they give me the laugh and the gentle "Come off."  
And the slangy "What's eating you now?"

They say I could do it as easy as not if I worked like the fellows who do. That I've got as much sense as many they know  
Who have gathered a million or two.

They say it is easy enough to get rich if a fellow will only work hard. No matter whatever the field of his toil—in railways, finances or land.

They say I have brains and a good gift of gab  
And success in the making of friends; That I ought to make money and fame, for a man  
Is known by the money he spends.

They tell me these things with a confident air.  
And I'm sure they believe what they say.  
For they jeer when I tell them I can not because  
The Lord didn't build me that way.

But it's true, just the same, and these friends wouldn't laugh  
If I said that I couldn't write verse Or do other stunts in the province of art  
Where wealth isn't measured by purse.

The poet, the painter, the sculptor is born—  
He can't make himself otherwise. No matter how hard he may work nor how long  
He may struggle to win the fair prize.

And so with the genius who piles up his pile  
Until he has millions to spare. Unless he is born with the spoon in his mouth  
You can bet he will never get there.  
—Coiler's Weekly.

**BAGLEY'S BURGLAR**  
BY "KARL"

John Bagley got his feet very wet the other day during a downpour in the city; but as the weather was still warm he recked little of colds. All day he trotted about his office, and when night came he went sniffing home to Mrs. Bagley.

He took some quinine and two glasses of whisky, and then grew nervous. Then Mrs. Bagley told him—or he thought so—when they were in the dining room, to put a few grains of chloral in a tumbler of water and, after he had drunk the contents of that tumbler, he'd sleep like a top.

"My head's spinning like one now," he said, plaintively.

"For real babbliness," snorted Mrs. Bagley, "recommend me to a man. Here you've got a tiny little cold in your head and chest, and you imagine you've got consumption. Never in my life did I see such a baby."

"I suppose," said Bagley, meekly, as



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he carefully measured out the chloral into a tumbler—"I suppose this chloral won't hurt me?"

"Who told you to take chloral?" demanded Mrs. Bagley, imperiously.

"Why, you did."

"For heaven's sake, man!—that whisky has gone to your head. I never opened my mouth about chloral."

Bagley's eyes were starting from his

head. He was looking at Mrs. Bagley in sheer astonishment. He couldn't make head nor tail of it; and he reasoned that he must have been intoxicated or dreaming, and had unmistakably been mistaken when he thought she recommended chloral.

"Put that glass back in the closet," said Mrs. Bagley.

And, still wondering in his befuddled brain, he put the glass back into the closet, spilling more chloral out of the vial into it as he did so.

When they had reached the top of the stairs, Bagley bethought him of a mustard plaster.

"I think I'll get the two small mustard plasters in the bathroom," he said, "and put 'em on for a few minutes."

"They're good and strong," was Mrs. Bagley's sole comment, as her spouse carried the two tiny excitement creators gingerly into the bedroom.

He put one on either side of his chest, and then—

Those plasters took hold. There was no timidity, no indecision, no lack of promptitude in their work. The very rapidity of their attack almost dazed him, and he looked out of the window with a set, silly look on his face.

Then he felt a great thirst come upon him. So much whisky parches the throat, he thought; and how nice and cool, how deliciously comforting, how tremendously soothing would a carafe of water taste, irrigating the dried-up desert of his throat.

So he opened the bedroom door, and was groping his way along the hall, when a pair of muscular arms caught him round the waist, banged him to the floor, and a burly form sat astride him.

"Burglars," he thought, and the perspiration began anew.

"Where do you keep your money?" asked the burglar.

"Man, you're sitting plump down with all your might on two of the hottest mustard plasters that ever deviled a human being," gasped Bagley.

"Wear mustard plaster, do you?" asked the Burly One, sympathetically. "I used to wear 'em once. Once a fellow, pal of mine—but I'll begin at the beginning—"

"For pity's sake," wailed Bagley, "let me take these plasters off. I'll open the safe for you, tie up the silver, do anything, only let me take the mustard plasters off."

"Not so fast, my boy," muttered the burglar. "I'll get off your chest, turn my bull's-eye on you, and then you put your hands above your head and pilot me to the safe. I'll tell you what to do then."

The Burly One rose to his feet and poor Bagley followed suit. Then, writhing with pain, his hands straight up in the air, and the bull's-eye lantern throwing its powerful rays on his head (a fit halo for a tortured martyr), Bagley led the procession of two into the sitting room and stopped before the safe.

"Now, man, by all you hold dear in this world let me take the mustard plasters off," and Bagley dropped to his knees in front of the safe, the tears of agony rolling down his face.

"Open the safe," grinned his persecutor, "and you can take one plaster off."

The fires of an unquenchable Aetna, of a river of boiling oil, or a never-ceasing Hades, were devouring Bagley's breast. Almost blinded by the tears that would come, whether he willed or not, he tried the lock. Twice his haste reacted against him, and he was forced to begin anew. The third attempt and the safe door opened.

With a glad cry Bagley's hands went to his chest, but a grip of strong fingers about his throat and the gleaming barrel of a pistol pointing within a wink of his eye caused the hands to drop nervously beside him.

"Keep cool," said his guest. "I'll take the plasters off meself," and suiting the action to the word, the Burly One pulled one of the plasters from Bagley's quivering chest. The chest was carnationed and horribly puffy.

"Stand with your back to me and your hands above your head. A little to the left, please. There, that will do

very nicely, thank you. Now, I'll see what you have of value."

"But the other plaster?" gasped Bagley.

"Dash the other plaster!" said the burglar. "I'll put this one in my pocket, and in case you feel chilly in your nightgown I'll clap it on your back. You don't feel cold, do you?" he added solicitously.

"I never felt warmer in my life," quickly responded Bagley.

The burglar took his time, and nearly everything else worth taking.

"Now," he said, in a crisp business tone, "let's see what we have down stairs."

"Anything I have in the world I'd give," said Bagley, hoarsely, "if you'll only take this other plaster off. I'm dying, man—this is killing me. I'm being burned to a crisp before your very eyes. Come down stairs quickly. Let me give you the cut glass and the silver—anything, everything is yours if you'll only take this other plaster off."

"Shut up," rudely said the guest. "I don't want every one within a mile to hear you. Come down stairs, tie up the boodle, and I'll take the other blister maker off of you."

Down stairs they went. "Take it off! take it off!" wailed Bagley.

The Burly One, very slowly, and as if enjoying hugely the torment of his victim, pulled off the remaining plaster. Then Bagley collapsed in a little heap on the floor.

Meanwhile the burglar was getting his plunder in shape. When he was ready to depart, he bent over the unconscious Bagley and held a mustard plaster to the sufferer's nose. The effect was magnetic. Bagley was on his feet in an instant, dazed, but thoroughly alive to the fact that his unwelcome guest was asking for something.

"What do you want now?" queried Bagley.

"Something to eat and something to drink," calmly responded the Burly One. "I'm hungry and thirsty. Hurry it up, too, or I'll clap these on you again," and he threw down the mustard plasters on the dining table.

Bagley needed no second bidding. He was beginning to feel better. He was quite sure his cold was cured, and he and the burglar fetched the cold meat from the pantry and brought it into the dining room. The burglar showed himself a master at carving. "Used to be a carver in a restaurant," he said. "I carved the boss one day."

And Bagley instead of shuddering, laughed heartily.

"Let's have some beer, too," said Bagley, gleefully.

"Now you're talking," said the guest. "Get your glasses and I'm with you."

The beer was in the pantry but the glasses were in the china closet, and to the china closet Bagley went. He picked up the two glasses nearest him, and then—then he almost fell to the floor as a mighty thought went crashing and crunching and hurling through his little brain. One of the glasses in his hand had chloral!—a big dose of chloral!

"I'll get the beer now," he said.

"All right," responded the Burly One; "but hurry it up, for I've got a thirst on."

It was the work of a minute for Bagley to pour a bottle of beer into the two glasses and to bring in two extra bottles besides. The chloral beer he handed to the burglar.

"Here's to the mustard plasters," said the burglar, lifting his glass and grinning.

"And here's a good sleep to you after your night's work," said Bagley, also grinning.

And they both drank.

A scowl flashed across the Burly One's face. "Your beer's been kept too long. Tastes mouldy," he said.

"Yes," said Bagley, turning up his nose disdainfully; "tastes over ripe. Better than nothing, though."

Bagley's house coat was hanging on the back of the Burly One's chair. "You'll find cigars in there if you care to smoke," he said.

The burglar fished in the coat pocket

in a sleepy sort of fashion and found a cigar. He took it out slowly and gazed on it in a solemn sort of way. Then he bit off the end and tapped the cigar on the table aimlessly, as if he didn't know exactly what to do with it. He opened his eyes heavily and gazed blankly at Bagley. Then he closed his eyes and then stayed closed.

Bagley was on his feet in an instant and out into the kitchen. He found the clothesline and with it hurried to the dining room. He pulled back the chair on which the Burly One was sleeping, pulled it back very gently, and his guest slipped to the floor. Quickly Bagley tied those huge legs together, not once, nor twice, but three times. He rolled the sleeper



"Those plasters are mighty powerful," ventured Bagley sympathetically,

as one would a log. Then, the legs securely bound, Bagley took off the burglar's coat, waistcoat and flannel shirt. Moistening each of the mustard plasters he clapped them on the massive chest, and then, as the ancients swathed a mummy, so did Bagley swathe with clothes line the inanimate form of that burglar. Perspiring, though happy, Bagley, by way of celebrating the event, lit every gas-jet in the room, put on his house coat, lit a cigar and watched with glistening eyes the unequal fight between chloral and mustard plasters.

It was an unequal fight. The Burly One gave a slight shudder, then a bigger one, then a bigger yet—then opened his eyes.

"Those plasters are mighty powerful," ventured Bagley, sympathetically.

The burglar vouchsafed not a word. Once or twice he struggled, but soon saw that a thousand years of endeavor could not loosen one strand of the cord. Then the perspiration began to roll down his face.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" said Bagley. Do you notice how the feeling of warmth spreads from the chest to the feet and from thence to the hips?"

The Burly One kept his peace. Three o'clock struck.

"Pardon me," said Bagley, "if I don't treat you with the courtesy due to a guest from his host, but I must go upstairs and get a wink of sleep. I'll be back about 5 o'clock, because I'm afraid the servant might be frightened if she saw you here in this undignified attitude on the floor. Allow me to gag you a bit; so; ah, not too tight—I want you to breathe easily, but not call out. Now I'll leave the things you took from the safe and the silver beside the beer and meat. Help yourself, and be perfectly comfortable. You'll find your unsmoked cigar on the table here, and matches on the mantelshelf. Be perfectly at home, and don't hesitate to ring for me if you want anything. Hope the mustard plasters are not chilling you. Good night and pleasant dreams."

And Bagley turned out the gas, made a low bow in the dark in the direction of his guest, and went up stairs to bed.—London Opinion.

Before attempting to stand by his colors a man should first make sure that he isn't color-blind.